



The Grail

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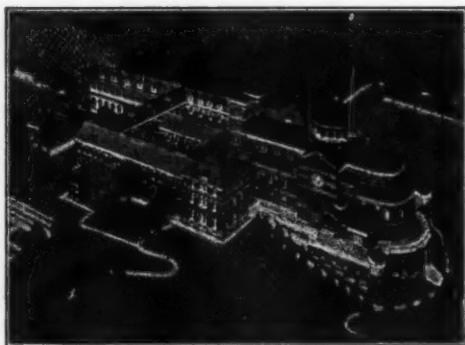
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FATHER ABBOT'S PAGE



UT of the broadness of His generosity our Divine Savior chose the most common things of life thereto to attach His special and even greatest blessings. He desired that even the poorest might be His beneficiaries. Moreover, His Omnipotence is the more manifest by His using the weak things of this world to confound the strong.

It is not surprising to find non-Catholics, devoid of instruction in Catholic doctrine, oft ridiculing or at least smiling at the devout use of medals and scapulars on the part of good Catholics. The painful thing is to see how some Catholics when they "grow up" neglect and underestimate the worth of objects that bear the Church's blessing.

Let us remember that so common a thing as a very small piece of bread was chosen by the God of might as the object to be changed into His own most precious body and blood. The same Christ Who instituted this Sacrament instituted the Church that provides us with Sacramentals. These Sacramentals carry the blessing of the Church, which is really the blessing of God. They enjoy a kind of divine efficacy which is released by the faith and devotion of the pious Christian.

Treasure these blessed objects. Protect your life to a certain extent by surrounding yourself with these carriers of divine goodness.


Yours most cordially,

Ignatius Esser, O.S.B.

Abbot.

Factors Contributing Toward Education

Theodore Heck, O. S. B.

HE question of education, like all other disputed questions, has its antagonists and its champions. The former compare the present turmoil to a race between catastrophe and education and boldly add that education has given up the race. The latter are firmly convinced that education is rooted in nature and cannot be destroyed regardless of the theories of opposing systems of thought and of the invasion of aims and ideals foreign to its field.

The field of education is not confined to the schools alone. Neither can the social disturbances and economic havoc of the past few years be attributed altogether, or even to a great extent, to education. True education has a tendency for following nature and order. It is opposed to all revolutionary measures.

"Education" is an overused term. It includes many things, it is true, yet it is often employed, without sufficient reason, in a too limited sense. Its broad, cultural world view of life and the future is often cramped into the narrow, stilted meaning of a list of school tasks that betrays its true significance. Education is to man's life what the blossom is to the plant. It is the strength, the richness and the fragrance of the flower unfolded before the world in a beautiful character.

There are many factors or conditions that unite to constitute the broad term "education." The home has always been considered the primary and most important factor in the rearing of youth. To the home we can add such factors as companionship, religious atmosphere and the school. Each plays an essential part, day by day, in the physical, mental and moral development of the nation's children. Education, then, includes more than the training afforded by the schools; it embraces the influence of the home, of religion and of society in whatever way these factors contribute through experience and guidance to the development of the intelligence, to the acquisition of knowledge and to the formation of character.

In the home we find nature's first school. God has designated the father and the mother as the instructors. A very close relationship exists between the child and its parents; it is a relationship of family interest and of tender affection. By word and example these divinely appointed teachers guide the little child's actions, implant in its soul thoughts of God and of virtue, ward off injury and correct faults. It is this union of physical, intellectual and religious instruction that forms the beginning of character. A good character thus becomes a safeguard for the boy or girl when he or she must leave the parental roof to continue the pursuit of knowledge through other channels. The true home, like an unfailing fountain that gives forth fresh, sparkling water, unceasingly emits purifying motives and loving examples that afford sufficient incentives for sustaining the high standards of character so lovingly engendered. The Church and the school are the means society employs in aiding the parents to educate their children for God and for country.

From infancy the child has been accustomed to companionship. A Christian home supplies the companionship of pious parents and affectionate brothers and sisters. As the child grows older new associations are formed with the children of the neighborhood and with the relatives and friends of the household. Again, the circle of acquaintances becomes enlarged when the little boys and girls are introduced at the school to scores of the other children like themselves. Here the test of character and of home training comes into play, for the child is placed on its own initiative in the selection of playmates. It will be the daily contact with the home acting as a constant leaven that will keep the child aloof from the influences of evil. The training of the home must continue and parallel the training of the school.

In whatever form we take it religion exerts a moderating influence over human nature. The history of man abounds with examples of the noble as well as of the wicked deeds of the hu-

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Death Comes After the Dance

Walter Sullivan, O. S. B.

"GALBO, look what's coming down the hall!" An Herodian guard pulled his comrade into the hallway to observe a visitor to Herod Antipas. Galbo rubbed his eyes and shook himself.

"By the prophet Malachy, is it the Roman wine I drank or is it real, Casper?"

Casper laughed: "It's not the wine, you dub. It's real; it's that fool, John the Baptist, in his camel-hair, come to see the tetrarch—wow, what a sight! Wait'll the queen—"

Casper and Galbo stepped back into position against the wall, their hands raised in stiff salute, as the door of a king's parlor opened, and the captain of the Herodian guards appeared. His glance swept the guards lined stiffly against the wall, and the rugged man clothed in a rough garment of camel hair, his frame gaunt with fasting, and his skin bronzed by the desert heat. John met the captain's gaze squarely, and the latter mumbled an inquiry:

"You are John the Baptist?"

John nodded.

"Step this way," motioned the captain, "The tetrarch is waiting to see you."

The great door swung inward and the guards relaxed.

"Fancy that wild fool bringing his bone yard into such society," chuckled Casper, jerking his thumb towards the royal apartments.

"Didn't the old boy look sour though?" said Galbo "Looked a hole right through me; even the captain couldn't face him and the captain can stare most any man down."

"They get that way living by themselves," informed Casper. "I can't see what Herod wants with him."

"Bet he wants him to perform," suggested Galbo. "You know how the tetrarch likes a show. Look, here comes Salome. She'll get a kick out of this."

"Better not talk," cautioned Casper. "She'll tell her mother, and the queen—" He broke off the rest as the girl sauntered nearer, impudently calling the guards by their names, saucily looking into the faces of the younger men. Her

scantly clad figure, her suggestively painted face, her abandon of movement, depicted her for what she was, the spoiled daughter of her shameless mother, Herodias.

"Hello, Caspar, where's the funeral?" Salome laughed in the solemn face of the guard. Caspar squirmed under her scrutiny, but said nothing.

Galbo chuckled: "Don't mind him princess he's just trying to keep mum. There's a visitor in his majesty's parlor that would give you the creeps."

Salome looked her interest. "Really? I'd love to meet him. Life is so dull around here that a creep or two would thrill me."

"You couldn't go him, princess," winked Galbo, ignoring the warning of Caspar; "He's no looker like me and Caspar for instance. All toggled out in camel hair—and all skinny and black from baking in the Moab desert."

Salome raised her hands in affected horror: "It's not that horrid preacher from the Jordan, John the Baptist?"

"A perfect guess," confirmed Galbo. "Now run along and tell the queen."

Salome gave him a hard look. "Never mind my running along; but thanks to you, Galbo, her gracious majesty shall hear of this."

As the girl disappeared in the direction of her mother's rooms, Caspar turned sourly on Galbo: "Why did you humor the flirt? You know the queen hates the Baptist like a basilisk. Mark me, Galbo, evil will come of your gossip."

"Let it rip," growled Galbo. "As the princess said, life is dull enough around here."

A moment passed by.

Then a rustle of silk, and the imperious figure of Herodias approached the royal parlor. Salome followed like a dog its master rather than a girl her mother. The sensuous beauty of Herodias was eclipsed for the moment by her anger. She hated John the Baptist because he had publicly rebuked her adulterous consort, Herod Antipas, and cut her own ambitious pride to the quick. The Baptist's uncompromising words dinning in her ears still like a

hateful refrain: "It is not lawful for thee to have thy brother's wife." She hated him with the tiger hate that only a revengeful woman can feel.

As she reached the entrance to Herod's room, the door swung open and the Baptist came out followed by the captain of the guards. If looks could kill, Herodias would have slain the prophet in his tracks. She guessed the purport of his visit; she fairly hissed the word: "You!"

John scarcely noticed her at all. Trained from youth to guard his eyes, the windows of his soul, he looked away from the thinly veiled seductiveness of Salome and her mother. Herodias fumed for a moment as the Baptist quietly walked to the door of the palace, accompanied by a guard; then she entered Herod's room and slammed the door behind her.

Herod raised his head from his arms to stare at his angry paramour. Wretched he looked, his sal-low, weak face clouded with doubt and misgiving. Always the words of the Baptist threw him back upon himself and showed him his moral weakness. In his headlong debauch Herod hesitated at times because of John, for "he feared John, knowing him to be a just and holy man; and he heard him willingly."

But Herodias was Herod's weakness. He was clay in her hands, and she an unscrupulous moulder. She saw the king's mood, interpreted it, and chose her own way of soothing his disturbed conscience.

"Don't worry" she said caressingly. "Nothing he can do will ever separate us, my dear. It will be easy enough to get rid of him if he goes too far with his tiresome accusations. He

has plenty of enemies that would thank us for putting him out of the way."

"The Baptist is powerful with the people," protested Herod weakly, not daring to look at Herodias. "And he is a holy man. I fear to touch him, my dear."

Herodias sneered: "The people are stupid pigs, my lord. As for holiness—" She snapped her fingers. "What does holiness mean to us? A fig for holiness, say I. I'll tell you what, my lord, we must get rid of this Baptist. He is a danger to our kingdom; he stirs up the people against us."

Herod looked uncomfortable. "I have heard as much," he said slowly. "If he is imprisoned for a time the danger will blow over, will it not?"

"Maybe," said the queen coldly.

"I'll see then to his arrest and imprisonment at the castle of Macheronte. It is remote enough to suit our purpose. But remember, my dear," and here the tetrarch made a show of firmness, "I'll do no violence—no violence, for John is a just and holy man."

"Of course not, my lord, there'll be no violence," said Herodias with a little smile; "I think your decision is excellent."

* * * * *

It was Herod Antipas's birthday. The palace at Sebaste in Galilee was deserted for the somberness and fortress-like comfort of Herod's castle of Macheronte. Here Herodian parasites, Sadducees of note, and even Pharisees, reputed doctors of the Law, rubbed elbows with pagan Roman officers and Grecian players.

Here all forsook, for the sake of questionable pleasures, whatever principles of religion or morality they possessed. Even the Sadducees

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Articulation

NORBERT ENGELS

*For He has made a trestle of the years,
Pillared in space above our lives, to span
Our surging ocean. Sweepingly it veers,
Curving above this trembling surf, this man.
For He has made the trees to touch their leaves,
Joined over streams and through the mountain passes;
And I have seen Him sometimes as He weaves
A linked, unbroken pattern of the grasses.*

*For He has made the years of a design
In which we feel the electric flow of blood,
Direct as current through an endless line,
Of those who, where we walk today, have stood.
What portion hast Thou given, God, to me
Of the years that trace their lineage back to Thee?*

The Priest of Brent

Jac Kerstiens

FOREWARD

Clive Stoddard, having lost heavily at gambling, and knowing of an investment in which he can retrieve his fortune with much to spare if he only had the cash to put into it, is tempted, when his friend, Paul Stevens, remarks that he is taking his wife to the opera that night, to rifle a little safe hidden in the wall of their bedroom, in which Clive knows a substantial amount of money is always kept.

Clive fights the temptation, but, influenced by drink, and a burning desire to give his bride-to-be, Rita Stevens, who is Paul's sister, the material things of life to which she has been accustomed, his honor—his better judgment is overcome, and he gains access to the seemingly unguarded house and possesses himself of the amount of money the investment requires.

He is leaving the room when a slight noise startles him. To his horror he discerns a figure, rising from a kneeling posture beside the bed. Surprise and terror roots him to the spot.

PART THREE

IT was Yolanda! She took a few steps toward him, then flashed a light full in his face.

"You!" she whispered, voiceless from fright and surprise, "You, Paul's friend!"

Clive's stone limbs came to life at the sound of her scornful words, and he made a dash for the door. But she was there before him, and blocked his way.

There was a struggle, awful in its silence. Clive's whisky befuddled wits clamoured for a means of escape. He attempted to brush her aside, but she held him. She dropped her flashlight and held him tight with her terror-strong little hands. She was panting wildly, and Clive could hear—or feel, he knew not which—the pounding of her heart. It maddened him. He wrenched one hand free and groped in the darkness beside him. He felt something strong and sharp that lay on the little Phyke desk.

His next act was one of automatic self-preservation. But it was murder!

Clive got out of the house then, and to his own rooms, where he spent the first of countless nights in an abyss of remorse and despair. Yoo came in at midnight and, very quietly, replaced the empty decanter with ice-water. Then, with deft, devoted hands, tucked the blankets more closely about the silent form, as he muttered softly, "Velly good, Mista Clive, velly good."

Clive's mind was calculating now, and he made a mental note of the fact that Yoo Wen could furnish a perfect alibi for him should the need arise.

The next morning Yoo came in as usual, in his quiet Chinese fashion, and placed the breakfast tray on the table. Then, with just the faintest trace of the unusual on his placid face, he laid the morning paper beside the plate and withdrew.

The instant the door had closed Clive spread the paper out on the table and gazed with a new and terrible horror at the headlines.



"BRIDE OF TEN MONTHS SLAIN BY HUSBAND IN QUARREL."

Clive's first impulse was to rush to his friends assistance, to convince his accusers that Paul was innocent.

"My God!" he checked himself, "I can't do that. Paul would know who—He must never know who did it. Never!"

Clive picked up the paper then, and read,

column after column of the ghastly story:

Yolanda Stevens had been brutally murdered. Her own little golden paper-knife had been plunged ruthlessly into her heart, allegedly by her husband, Paul.

Mary Murphy, the housemaid, after an eve-

ning out, said she had been attracted by a strange noise, like groans and sobs. She had followed the sound to her mistress' bedroom, and, upon throwing open the door, had been horrified to see her little mistress lying on the floor—dead, her robe gory with blood, and, kneeling over the corpse, wild-eyed and disheveled, was the young husband, the bloody death-tool still in his hand. He was holding it at arm's length from him, between thumb and forefinger, and staring at it like one bereft of reason. His jaw was hanging loose, and he was moaning, "My God! My God, what has happened?"

Suddenly then, and with a shriek of terror he had flung the weapon from him. It barely missed Mary, who stood, speechless with fright, in the doorway.

This sudden break, the girl said, brought her to herself, and she ran screaming from the house.

The paper told of the apprehension. When officers arrived he was still moaning, "My God! My God, what has happened?"

"You ought to know what happened," snapped Cassidy, the Chief. "But what I'd like to know is why you did it."

"I?" Paul exclaimed as he struggled to his feet, "I did that? Oh, my God, no!"

At the station Paul told a half coherent story of having gone to the park to smoke after a slight misunderstanding with his wife.

But Mary Murphy had already told her story of the heated quarrel, that had, presumably, led to murder. She had heard Mrs. Stevens scream repeatedly after the husband had followed her to her room. Apparently it was a plain case of murder.

Clive crumpled the paper spasmodically, and in an agony of remorse and despair buried his face in the hollow of his arm and wept bitter, Judas tears.

He thought of Rita, and knew he could never look into her pure eyes again.

"And it was all for her," he tried to shift the blame, "I wanted the things that riches could buy—for her." But down in his heart he knew that Rita would have come to him with open arms although his only possession were his bare hands with which to work for her.

The thought of suicide came, but was quickly

banished. Suicide would betray him more surely than anything else.

"I will live—I must live," he cried, "to hide my crime from Paul!"

For days Clive hugged the solitude of his rooms, refusing to see anyone except the broker who placed that ghastly investment.

Clive lived over a thousand times the details of that fateful night, and always came to the same conclusion, "Paul must never know." Surely Paul could prove himself innocent. He must!

The thought of Rita tortured him too. He learned from the papers that she had returned from California to comfort her brother in his grief and trouble. Clive knew that she had waited for him to come to her, and the knowledge was torture. He wrote her, then—a cowardly thing to do—and told her not to expect him—ever, adding a significant word of regret over her brother's deplorable plight. Then Clive tried to forget her. Tried to purge the adoration of her from his unworthy heart.

Public feeling ran high against the alleged murderer of Yolanda Stevens. A mob gathered one night, a vast horde of men, clamoring for Paul's life. They swooped down upon the jail and forced their way in. And Paul's life was saved by a mere breadth of a few seconds.

Three uniformed men battered their way through the seething mob to the entrance. "Go to it, boys, get your man!" the officer in the lead called out.

"Yes, and see to it that you do a good job of it," the last one called out, "for we're giving you the works."

The man in the middle wore his cap low over his eyes. His head was bowed and his shoulders slumped, but at the words of his escorts he halted abruptly, lifted his blanched face with its blazing eyes, and, in a voice that had the power to arrest the mob for a fleeting moment, called out:

"Yes, get him, the beast who killed m—Yolanda Stevens, and tear his dirty heart out and feed it to the dogs!"

Learning at a late moment of the mob bent on lynching Paul, Clive had rushed, hatless and coatless to the scene of impending disaster in a wild, purposeless determination to save Paul. He was just pushing his way past the three uni-

(Turn to page 111)

Saint Johanna Antida Thouret

Patrick Shaughnessy, O. S. B.

MANY a hungry mouth has been fed, many a suffering body and sorrowful soul have been comforted by the more than 8,000 Sisters of Charity who are at work in all parts of the world and by those who have gone before them. Those who have experienced the unselfish kindness of these Sisters must ever retain for them a feeling of gratitude; to many unbelievers this kindness has been a proof that the religion which inspires it must be divine.

Who, however, stops to wonder how this organization came into existence? It seems to be a natural part of the Mystical Body of Christ, the Church, just as the hand is a part of our body, to have been born and to have grown up with the Church itself. It is true that the purpose of this organization of Sisters, the practise of charity towards their fellowmen, is a practise intimately bound up with the Church, whose founder, Christ, Our Lord, has said: "For I was hungry and you gave me to eat; I was thirsty and you gave me to drink; I was a stranger and you took me in." "For as long as you did it to one of these my little ones, you did it to me."

Yet the Sisters of Charity as an institution does not go back so far in the history of the Church. The founding of a religious congregation is a work exceedingly difficult and entails untold labors and fatigues. For this reason God generally imposes this task upon the shoulders of a Saint; no other could bear the burden. Thus it was that He raised up Sister Johanna Antida Thouret, who was declared a Saint by our Holy Father on the fourteenth of January of this year, to establish the foundation of the Sisters of Charity. We do not speak here of the Sisters founded by St. Vincent de Paul, who are also called Sisters of Charity.

The life of Mother Johanna Antida extended from Nov. 27, 1765 to Aug. 24, 1826, trying years for the Church in France. On the same day on which she was born she was also, through the Sacrament of Baptism, incorporated into Christ's mystical body, the Church, for the benefit of which she was to do so much good.

During her early years she suffered a good deal because of poor health. At the age of sixteen a greater sorrow visited her, her mother being taken away from this life. From that time on Johanna had to care for the house in the place of her mother. Her desire, however, was to enter the religious life when the opportunity came. While considering what form of religious life she would embrace, a vivid desire came to her one day during prayer to serve the poor and the sick. Her pastor advised her to join the Sisters of Charity at Paris.

Although her father hated to lose his daughter, he gave his permission for the departure. Weepingly he blessed her as she left.

"I do not wish to become a religious to avoid pain and suffering, but to learn to suffer with merit and to sanctify myself." This declaration was the program which she proposed for herself, and she realized it in its entirety, generously embracing sufferings in community life. She showed herself humble, patient, obedient, and possessed of a true and sincere piety. When she received the religious habit, the Superior said to her, giving her a crucifix: "Here is your model; when you are afflicted with sufferings go and place them at His feet." This counsel was religiously received and perfectly observed.

It was at this time that the French revolution took place, spreading terror over the whole

Mystery

PLACIDUS KEMPF, O. S. B.

*Could gilded wheat and purpling grape
But pierce the mystery shrouding veil,
Loud paeans of ecstatic praise would ring
From vine-clad hill and dancing dale.*

country. In November, 1793, it was decreed that the religious communities must be expelled. The Sisters of Charity were obliged to return to their homes. Sister Johanna also had to leave Paris and sorrowfully return to her own home. She did not, however, become impatient, neither did she lose her courage. The threats of the revolutionists did not frighten her. With the help of her younger sister she devoted herself to the care of the poor, of the sick, and to the education of the young people; she organized pious confraternities; procured aid for persecuted Catholic priests, accompanying them to the sick and having them celebrate the Divine Mysteries.

Divine worship had been abolished, the churches had been pillaged and profaned. Sister Johanna gathered about her the children to teach them to pray and to give them instructions in the Catholic faith. Every Sunday and feast day pious souls gathered about her. Different parts of the Mass were read and other holy books helped to supply that which was lacking to the Catholics because of the persecution.

The young heroine however was soon discovered by spies of the revolutionists and was called before their tribunal.

"What have you read in the assembly?" she was asked.

"I have read the gospel and prayers."

"You know that such reunions are prohibited by the law?"

"I know that God has not prohibited them, that He approved of them since He has said that He would be found in the midst of persons gathered together in His name."

"What do you teach to the young people?"

"I teach them the Christian catechism, I teach them to know God, to love Him, to pray to Him, to serve Him..."

"The laws prohibit these meetings."

"Being a Christian by the grace of God, I know His law which commands me not to conform to the laws of men which are contrary to His... to confess my faith in the Name of Jesus Christ at the peril of my life."

"You will conform to the laws, if not..."

"It is God Whom I ought to fear; men can kill the body but they cannot take away the life of the soul. I would be only too happy to give my life for the love of Jesus Christ!"

Such courage disarmed her adversaries, who contented themselves with having threatened her. But in spite of her great courage Sister Johanna found it more prudent to remain hidden for about ten months, passing the time in recollection and prayer.

With the fall of Robespierre, July 27, 1794, freedom of worship was again granted to the Catholics. Our heroine had always preserved the ardent desire to return again to community life. To this end she decided to join a new congregation of Charity which had passed from France to Switzerland, in the hope of reestablishing there. For two years she shared the fate of this community, suffering generously all kinds of fatigues, privations, and new persecutions. From Switzerland she passed into Germany, then into Austria. An example of the privations which were undergone during this time has been related by one of the sisters: "She (Sister Johanna) had only one room which she shared with six others, who were afflicted with lung-sickness. Beds were made of straw, the covers were old and poor and there was no change of bed-linen. Night and day she remained with these poor religious, sleeping herself on straw in the middle of the room, and even in this manner she did not sleep long, for the sick did not cease to toss and groan. Her consolation was to aid and encourage them as much as possible." In this place (Passavia) they remained from August 25 until October 12. But not finding in this congregation the religious life which she desired, she decided to return to her own country, after having prayed and asked the advice of others. Trusting in divine providence she undertook this journey homewards, living from alms as a poor beggar and supporting patiently the fatigues and perils of the long journey.

After several days of difficult walking she arrived at the Swiss boundary.

One day as she gave thanks to God for having preserved her from new dangers, and implored with great fervor divine protection for the future, an interior voice said to her: "Courage, my daughter! Be always faithful to Me, I will never abandon thee. I will make thee know My will, for I wish to use thee for great things."

Encouraged by these words and full of confidence (Turn to page 121)

God's Songbirds

S. M. N.

Exaltate Regem Regum: hymnum dicite Deo. Alleluja. (Antiphon for the Feast of the Ascension.)

ALL was steeped in the hush that broods over the June woods at nightfall. Not even a whisper trembled through the leafy arches that framed in the nave of nature's own cathedral. Suddenly arose a few clear notes, then a liquid cadence, and soon a flood of soft melody filled the air, as one nightingale vied with another in giving back to God the praise for which He had created it.

Again it was dawn. Fresh, dewy breezes fanned open the eyes of morning, and she arose and clad herself in glorious array, and shook out her golden tresses till they lay trailing along the sky. Then swiftly she drew them back from the azure and bound them with a crimson fillet. The beauty and joy of a new day throbbed through the world:—but who would voice due praise?

Straight upward from her lovely nest in the grass rose a lark, circling higher and higher. And as she rose she filled the heavens with a melody so full of rapture, of gladness and delight that she seemed rather some ethereal spirit embodying its joy than a bird.

As the lark ended her song the thrush took up the note of praise, then another and another of nature's songsters joined in the great Benedicite of thanks. A wonderful vocation, did they but understand:—to give God glory and man joy for the beauty and life of all creation.

It is something more than mere analogy to see in the end and purpose of the Benedictine life a call like that of the birds. It would seem as though in the spiritual plane God had created His songbirds also and chosen them out to render Him perpetual

praise. They, like the birds of sweetest voice, are somberly clad. They make no stir of brilliant achievement, seek no high dignity, but with a secret, heaven-born happiness they strive to form of their whole lives a hymn of joy and praise.

How is this practically fulfilled? First, by the solemn celebration of the Divine Office. No other work must be of greater obligation: so taught St. Benedict. Nothing else is essential to the Order but the one great work, the *Opus Dei*, the "Work of God"—to sing the the divine praise as the heavenly chosen voice of the Church, appointed to utter her adoration, her supplication and her thanksgiving. In this great work Benedictines do not stand alone. Earth and Heaven are drawn together as they mingle with the angelic choirs, beginning even here the unceasing occupation of the life to come. As years pass there grows up in the heart of the true Benedictine a wonderful kinship, a kind of close fellowship with the Angels—those grand song-birds of Heaven. No wonder that devotion to the Holy Angels should be so dear to the hearts of religious.



But there is another sanctuary within each Benedictine soul, where an unceasing song of praise and thanks arises to God. Often enough it is the silent prayer of deepest adoration, the flaming fire of intensest love, when heavenly realities press in upon the soul and draw forth its highest and therefore its unvoiced harmonies. At such moments the utter holiness of God covers it like a radiant cloud. And then God's little lark soars up into the dawn of Eternity and is hidden among the bright clouds that surround the throne.

Or again, the great ocean of God's peace descends, and

the soul rests in Him, and is tranquil as the brooding dove at eventide.

Night falls, the moon arises and the stars shine forth. So it is that the soul of man may be wonderfully illuminated, as to the dark mysteries of faith, and then God's nightingale sings a melody most sweet indeed, but understood and heard only by very few.

There is yet another form of praise. Since God has made us to consist of body as well as soul, since He has given us capacities of mind and active strength, so has He taught us the song of work:—manual, intellectual, it matters not what, so that by means of it we may give glory to God and aid to our fellow-men. And thus there has grown up in or around the Benedictine cloister a vast range of useful work in the varied realms of Literature, Art, Architecture, Education, Agriculture, Science, etc., etc. All those means which tend to better man and raise him to higher levels.

Not personal choice, but the voice of obedience, determines the line of work for each, and every task, however lowly, forms part of the great hymn of praise. This alone matters: "That in everything God may be glorified." Lacking this, it loses its hall-mark and becomes spurious metal. One thing is noticeable as the monk grows to spiritual maturity, and that is, the tendency to efface the boundary lines between the various forms of praise. Work is so saturated with prayer, private prayer so enlightened and inspired by the liturgy of the Divine Office, and all forms of prayer so motive and direct our work that a happy unification and simplicity becomes the characteristic mark of our life.

The harmony of our song of praise would be incomplete, imperfect without its minor chords. So suffering in some of its manifold forms is not wanting to sanctify and perfect the Benedictine soul.

The cross, whether of voluntary penance and austerity, or of trials designed by God's Providence is ever needed to complete the union with the Divine Master. It only matters that the heart, when touched by pain, should emit its notes of purest love.

What a world of heavenly beauty there is all around Jesus; and simple souls, how happy, how intensely happy they are made by it.

Factors Contributing Toward Education

(Continued from page 100)

man race. Where religion flourished the good predominated; where it languished error and cruelty came to the fore. The Redemption wrought by Christ has wielded an extraordinary power for good on the lives of men. This influence is brought to bear on the Christian child in the home and in the Church. The latter has the duty of assisting the parents to prepare their children to meet successfully the problems of life. Parents are not thereby relieved of the obligation of teaching their children to pray and to observe the commandments of God and of the Church. The Church is not supposed to replace the home. She merely parallels the school during youth in assisting the home and she continues this service through the moral and religious instructions of the priest and through the administration of the Sacraments.

The school is no substitute for the home. While it offers a service similar to that of the Church, in so far as it supplements the work of the home, its primary function has always been looked upon as the instilling of knowledge. Here and there schools have taken on a greater interest in the welfare of the students and have broadened their courses of study so as to include subjects of a greater social and cultural character. The aim of this movement is to make the school a part of the life of the growing boys and girls. In so far as these varied interests are an aid to the development of a good, moral character and are an incentive to an active and wholesome service to one's fellowmen, they are to be encouraged. However, a danger lies in the attempt of these socialized programs so to infatuate and absorb the interest of these children as to supplant the influence of the home and of the Church.

From the above considerations it is evident that the school does not bear the entire burden of education; neither does the home nor the Church. But all of these institutions, properly coördinating their respective obligations, bear the burden together. Since society is for the welfare of the individual, the school and Church, as social institutions, are for the welfare of the people taken individually. The home is a miniature society and has for its

function the welfare of the children. Hence, true education, which is necessarily Christian education, has always had the aim of putting the boy and girl in possession of those experiences which are calculated to enable them to think, judge and act in such a way as to meet the demands of Christian living in the social and economic life of the day.

Death Comes After the Dance

(Continued from page 102)

and pagan Romans could agree with the Pharisees that the pleasures of the tetrarch's table, spiced by excellent wine, and wanton dances, were unequalled even in the Empire.

The vast banquet hall reechoed with the noisy and drunken laughter of the guests. Bronzed slaves ministered to the wants of the appetite with every delicacy of the market or the fishery. Wine flowed in abundance. The tables, piled high with fruits and vegetables of every variety and clime, tempted the appetites of the feasters. Music, soft and seductive, accompanied the movements of dancing girls.

Herod, lying at a table on a raised dais, surveyed the scene with besotted satisfaction. He dined alone the better to give prestige to his royalty and pride. Herodias, his royal companion at table during such orgies, was conspicuous by her absence.

In a little room remote from the banquet hall, Herodias was busy with her daughter, Salome. Under her practiced eye, two slaves worked skillfully at the girl's toilet, combing and binding her long, black hair with a diamond studded fillet, painting her eyebrows and lips, and arranging suggestively the folds of her scanty dress.

Herodias came forward eagerly to put the finishing touches to the girl's make-up. Hers was the flushed eagerness of a gambler about to play a big stake. Tonight she was gambling with the passions of Herod Antipas. Salome was her die. The Baptist, lying in chains deep in the dungeons of the fortress-palace, was her stake. Adroitly she had managed to have this birthday banquet at Macheronte, in the very castle where her hateful accuser lay imprisoned under the banquet hall.

Salome pirouetted before her delighted mother until Herodias laughed with passionate tri-

umph: "Stunning, my darling. No man could resist you tonight, least of all, Herod Antipas."

"Think he'll like it?" smiled Salome, surveying her face in a hand mirror.

"Like it!" gasped the queen mother. "Don't I know what he likes? Why dearie, I'll stake my Arabian necklace that he'll give you anything you ask for tonight."

"Anything?" hesitated Salome.

"Of course," cautioned Herodias, adjusting the bracelets carefully "you are to ask for just one thing, you know. Refuse all else besides, however precious. Do we understand each other?"

"Perfectly, mother," said Salome, carelessly adjusting her shawl. "See you later."

Accompanied by her two slaves, Salome disappeared into the hall leading to the banquet chamber. Herodias settled herself comfortably on a lounge in an attitude of waiting.

* * * * *

In the clammy depths of the castle Macheronte knelt a man, rigid in prayer. His clasped hands were fastened by chains to the wall of his dungeon, his body emaciated by penance and the hard fare of the prison. Long months of imprisonment had paled the bronzed body of the prisoner to a sickly yellow. His frame had lost its erectness and vigor; but the spirit of John the Baptist was still undaunted. Never would he compromise with the fickle tyrant, Herod, by calling good what was evil.

Near him a door opened for a moment and closed again, long enough for him to hear echoes of the music and ribald singing from the banquet hall upstairs. A disciple, the companion of his solitude—allowed him through the whimsical kindness of the tetrarch—came near and spoke:

"Master, upstairs they celebrate the birthday of Herod. I could not linger to watch their wickedness. All of them seem drunk with wine, and the dancing is shameful."

John looked at his disciple sadly. "Their poor, poor souls," he said. "How sad must be the heart of God on such a night at the death of so many beautiful, precious souls."

As John spoke, the door swung open again, revealing the dim outline of a soldier bearing a sword. Behind him walked a female figure

whom John could not recognize in the gloom of the entrance.

* * * * *

In the great hall overhead Salome danced to the voluptuous music with all the wild abandon of her passionate nature. The appearance of the princess in such a role shocked for a moment even the sophisticates of Herod's court. The Pharisees feigned a holy horror that they did not feel; the Sadducees looked up in amazement; the Roman officers clapped their hands at this still more pagan touch to the feast of a Jewish prince.

From his table on the dais, Herod in drunken fascination followed the dancer's every movement. Near the table of the tetrarch the girl stopped her dance, and bowed to the floor before him.

When the wild applause of the revellers died away to a few scattered encores, Herod leaned forward with flushed pleasure and motioned Salome to his side. A general silence, prompted more by curiosity than reverence for royalty, settled upon the diners. Herod's words, muttered through lips, thick with drink, were loud enough to penetrate the silent hall.

"Ask of me what thou wilt and I will give it to thee."

As the girl with splendid acting dropped her head and seemed to hesitate out of maidenly bashfulness, the king exclaimed with an oath: "Whatsoever thou shalt ask of me I will give it thee, though it be the half of my kingdom!"

Almost sobered by this mad oath of the monarch, the courtiers of Herod leaned forward eagerly, afraid to breathe until the girl broke the tense silence by a request as startling as it was horrible.

"I will that at once, you give me in a dish the head of John the Baptist," and without a touch of pity or shame, she snatched from one of the tables a huge silver plate.

Herod sat heavily back on his lounge as though he had been struck. Quickly the fumes of alcohol lifted, leaving him wretchedly sober. The whole character of the unhappy prince betrayed itself in a mixture of weak kindness, timidity, and false religion. He recoiled at the idea of shedding blood, yet he had sworn before the assembled guests. He looked around him, eyeing furtively the faces of the diners, all expectant, waiting.

He saw among them bitter enemies of John the Baptist; Sadducees and Pharisees whom John had called a brood of vipers, soldiers whom he had rebuked for violence and grumbling, Herodian courtiers who smarted under the accusations against their master. In despair he looked at Salome, but in her cruel and pitiless glance he read the Baptist's doom. With a reluctant gesture he motioned the executioner, who stood behind his lounge, to follow the girl to the dungeon. The fate of John was sealed.

Sick and frightened, Herod rose from the table and dizzily crossed the room to the corridor, leaving his guests staring after him.

He had not long to wait. A door from the dungeon opened, and along the dusky corridor came a youthful figure bearing before her a large plate. Herod stepped quickly aside and remained unobserved, as the girl, Salome, passed close by him with the bloody head of John the Baptist. She paused before the room of Herodias. Herod thought he heard a tigerish cry of triumph as the door of the chamber closed on the two women and their horrible trophy.

Herod felt his way to the window, and, gasping for air, threw open the shutter. He was sick. His soul was dead with a new crime, the murder of God's holy Prophet. Perhaps in that hour the wretch entered into himself long enough to loathe his own cowardice of soul in the face of vice, and to envy the brave martyrdom of John the Baptist for the virtue of chastity and filial piety.

What seek you that you will not find in Jesus Christ? If you are sick, He is your physician. In affliction He is your comfort, in exile your hope. If you are attacked He is your defender. In darkness He is your light, He is your spouse, your friend, your brother. —St. Bernard.

Desire out of love to be perfectly conformed to the likeness of thy Eucharistic King, Who cannot countenance inordinate earthly affections. —Fr. de la Colombiere.

How pleasing to the Heart of Jesus are those who visit Him often and who love to keep Him company in the church where He dwells in His Sacrament. —St. Alphonsus Ligouri.

The Priest of Brent

(Continued from page 104)

formed men when the white-faced one spat out those terrible words. He was so close that the heat of the enraged man's breath burned against his cheek.

Clive stopped, paralysed. The mob surged on, its fury fanned anew. A stifled gasp came from the man Clive knew was Paul, and an agonized whisper came to his ear, "My God! You, too, Clive?"

Then he was gone. Dragged to safety by the two officers.

Stunned, almost inert, but with utter relief at Paul's escape, Clive let himself drift with that sea of human fury. Presently he stood beside the empty cell. The great iron door was flung wide, the cot overturned, and growling, maddened men were streaming in and out. He was seized with a sudden impulse to step inside that cell—where he belonged—and announce that he was the man they sought, that he was the murderer of Paul Stevens' wife.

But Paul would know then, and that fact held greater terrors for Clive than a thousand deaths.

The day of trial came at last, and Clive was in the courtroom. He had not been summoned, had not wanted to go, but some undefined force compelled him. He chose a seat so situated that the prisoner's dock faced opposite. Paul must not catch his eye. All would be lost if he did.

Paul was called to the stand. Paul, whose once powerful shoulders drooped perceptibly, whose crisp black hair was greying—almost white, the spring had gone from his step, and his whole body, once so athletically perfect, was decrepit almost beyond recognition. But Clive had the real shock when Paul raised his face.

It was haggard and white, cheeks sunken and eyes with such a haunted, suffering look as Clive had never seen before. But in the depths of those eyes Clive caught a gleam that sent cold chills racing up and down his spine.

Paul was asked the usual questions pertaining to his identity, and then was told to relate in his own words the happenings of the day and evening of January the second.

In a slow, agonized voice he did as he was bade. When he came to the incident of the opera tickets he shuddered and paused painfully.

He was asked if he and his wife had quarreled that evening.

"I suppose you would call it a quarrel," he answered without spirit.

"Tell the court about it."

"I purchased tickets for the opera, but my wife did not care to go. She had planned on attending a ball to which we had been invited."

"Did you deliberately disregard your wife's plans when you bought the tickets?"

"I did."

"Why?"

"Because the doctor had advised against her dancing."

"Was she not well?"

"She was not."

"And she was determined to attend this ball anyway?"

"Yes."

"Was this her natural disposition?"

"Oh, no," Paul hastened to reply, "she was not well."

"Just what was her ailment?"

Paul's face grew a shade paler and the muscles of his throat worked, as he endeavored to control his emotion. When he spoke his voice held a pathetic quiver.

"She was," he began, then gulped heart-
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The Editor's Page

"TEACH ALL



THE success of the campaign against indecent movies which the Catholic Church in the United States initiated and carried out so well has attracted the attention of practically the whole world. Not in many years has the press—especially reviews and digests of the press—been forced to notice so conspicuously any public Catholic movement. Then, that many non-Catholic bodies decided to endorse and further the movement just as the Catholic Church outlined it, may be regarded as unusually satisfactory.

TO THE FRONT

But why should we Catholics think this all so unusual? Possibly because nothing quite like this has happened in our country within the lifetime of most of us; perhaps in the history of our country. Sad; yet let us rejoice that at last the Church in the United States is assuming its divine right as teacher of mankind. With our unfortunate inferiority "complex" in society, we may be inclined to preen ourselves a bit in that the Church has taken to itself a militant attitude toward error and vice, has resolutely stepped forth as leader, and gained the distinction of setting a definitely Christian tone.

THE BANNER OF TRUTH

However, we should rather be ashamed that social distinction did

not come to be ours sooner. We know with the certainty of faith that the Church of Christ is right on all questions; and we gain daily evidence that the rest of the world is frequently wrong. Why do we not, with our leaders, proclaim the right by our teaching and by our lives, so that our erring fellow citizens, hungering for the truth, may see the right and embrace it?

IN STYLE

Take, for instance, the matter of women's clothing. Sporadic efforts indeed are being made by various schools and organizations. Yet we see the generality of Catholic women as seductively clothed as their irreligious neighbors even when approaching the Communion rail! Let us have another Legion of Decency composed of *all* Catholic women—women who shall have the uprightness and courage to display Christian modesty under whatever handicap of style and modishness. And make it a matter of boycott as we are doing towards indecent movies: in other words, let a few million American Catholic women refuse to buy indecent creations of stylists. Don't you think that these creators would soon awaken to this practical protest, inquire as to Christian regulations for women's clothing, and take care in future that styles, while still attractive—and more so because modest—would conform to these regulations?

Hilary DeJean, O. S. B.

NATIONS''

CATHOLIC ACTION

So in all other vital things. Catholics could make Catholic living fashionable, especially among the upright, because Catholic living is ever beautiful, cultured, and satisfying. Purity of conversation, honesty in business, honesty in politics,—Catholic politicians, take note!—discrimination in reading, etc., etc.—why, our Catholic parents could even make big families fashionable!

To do this we must unite under united leadership. The time is ripe; all far-seeing men realize that our civilization is plunging into pagan degeneracy. And whose place is it to put men back on the way of light and truth but that of Christ's Church, which has for all time the divine mission, the inalienable right and duty, to "teach all nations."

EVIL-MINDED?

One of the popular tendencies is to cover up ugly things somewhat by giving them high-sounding names. "Nudism," for example, is not nearly so bare in sound as "nakedness". And having given it a somewhat more decorative name, the public is striving in the same manner to take away from it all implications of immorality by hailing it as a matter of health or art expressed in all innocence.

The Catholic Church in its priests has had nearly two thousand years

of intimate experience with human nature. It has seen the beginning, progress, and end of every such movement throughout the ages. Often the Church through her priests characterizes a thing as morally bad; and the immediate reaction of the world is to proclaim the priests as evil-minded; as seeing evil where none is intended and none wrought.

INDISCRETIONS?

Experience nevertheless proves the Church to be right. Human nature, subject to the consequences of original sin, can be expected to be no different in this as in any other age. No garnishing by newspaper accounts, magazine stories, or stage and screen portrayals will make it any different. Promiscuous mingling of the sexes in the state of nakedness or near nakedness can have but one result: a rousing of the passions, the commission of sin. And whereas plain fornication and adultery have been tempered by calling them "indiscretions" or "intimacies," it does not thereby follow that they are a whit less evil. The laws of God and nature still remain in force: sins against the sixth commandment are ever mortal sins and will ever bring with them the same distress and disastrous results for the individual, the family, and for society that they brought when they were known simply as sins of impurity.

Kweery Korner

Questions must be placed on a separate sheet of paper used for that purpose only.

All questions must be written plainly and on one side of the paper.

No name need be signed to the question.

Questions of a general and public nature only will be answered; particular cases and questions should be taken to pastor or confessor.

No questions will be answered by mail; special answers cannot be given in this column.

All questions will be answered in the order received.

Send questions to THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Ind.

NOTE:—The questioner from Fort Wayne, Indiana, will kindly consult the Official Catholic Directory for the current year, where he will find his two queries answered in full.

Why does the Catholic Church object to the Christian Science church?

The principal objection to the Christian Science church is that it was born nearly nineteen hundred years too late. It would be hard to call that church the Church of Christ which could trace its history back only to the year 1867. The Christian Science church is very badly named because it is neither Christian nor scientific. Its very character denies the Trinity, the Divinity of Christ, the creation of man by God, the fact of sin, the atoning value of Christ's sufferings, the resurrection of the body; in fact, it denies all the fundamental doctrines of Christian faith. It is decidedly unscientific to assert that "bones have only the substance of that which forms them, they are only phenomena of the minds of mortals." Christian Science declares it is an error to think "we are growing old." Either statement is quite unscientific as even a child who has had a very substantial pain in a broken bone or who appreciates the fact that it is one year older today than it was a year ago, will know.

May a Catholic girl take the name Yolanda in Confirmation?

Yes, Yolanda is a Saint's name. The principal one bearing that name is the virgin of Portugal whose Feast is commemorated on December 28th.

Why is it a sin for a Catholic to attend a Protestant Church and is it all right to invite a Protestant to attend our Church?

There is a vast difference between the conscientious belief of a Catholic in his Church and a Protestant in his. We know that the Catholic Church is the only true Church of Christ. Believing that one cannot attend the services of another religion without offending God, Who has expressed the manner in which He would be worshipped, the Catholic is obliged to remain away from the Protestant Church. A Protestant does no violence to his conscience when he attends a Catholic service. While he may think his church is right, if he is a consistent Protestant he must admit that his church may be wrong. He is in the position of a searcher after truth rather than one who possesses it. It would be consistent and logical for him to attend a Catholic Church to find out what that Church believes and teaches since it is possible that the Catholic Church may be the right Church.

*Conducted by Rev. Henry Courtney, O.S.B.
St. Benedict's Abbey, Atchison, Kansas*

Why is the Catholic Church called the only true Church?

The Catholic Church is called the true religion because she alone was founded by Jesus Christ; has come down from His time, teaching the same identical doctrines entrusted to her for the instruction of man, preserving the worship that God established, and administering the same sacraments to which He gave efficacy and power to furnish grace to the souls of men. It is merely a matter of history to learn when all the other churches were started and by whom. They bore the name of their founders until the members, ashamed of their origin, changed their titles. It is simply impossible to find any other founder for the Catholic Church except Jesus Christ. Hence, since it is Christ's Church, it is the only true Church.

Some time ago I heard a certain priest called a Sanguinist. Is there such a religious order and where is its headquarters?

The members of the Precious Blood order are at times called Sanguinists. The headquarters of the order in this country is at Carthage, Ohio.

Would you kindly give me some information concerning the nickname Wout? Is it taken from some other name and is it the name of a Saint?

Wout is the Dutch diminutive form of the name Walter. There are quite a number of Saints who have the name Walter, the chief, perhaps, being the Abbot of Servillano whose Feast occurs on June 4th.

Was Charles De Larue a religious and if so to what Order did he belong?

The editor of this column is sorry you did not specify just which Charles De Larue you meant, because it so happens that there are two great men of that name. The one, who by the way is generally designated by the spelling of the name above given, was a Benedictine monk and noted as an eminent Scriptural scholar. He died in 1739. The second, whose name is ordinarily spelled La Rue, was a member of the Society of Jesus and attained fame as an orator. His death occurred in 1725. You will find brief but splendid biographies of the two men in the Catholic Encyclopedia.

Why did God make an exception for the Blessed Virgin and create her the only human being entirely free from original sin?

The very wonderful favor of the Immaculate Conception was a mark of Almighty God's particular love and high esteem for the Mother of His Incarnate Son. It is only natural that a son should do all in his power to honor his mother. The greatest privilege that God could confer upon His Mother was to preserve her from original sin. It is only meet that she who was to be the Mother of God should never have been under the dominion of sin. Mary was the second Eve. From her was to be taken the flesh that is flesh of the Incarnate God. While the Immaculate Conception was not an absolute requisite for the Incarnation, it was indeed most fitting.

Broadcasts from our Indian Missions

ANNOUNCER - Clara Hampton

ST. ANN'S MISSION—BELCOURT

Baptisms are almost a daily occurrence in the Turtle Mountains; a short time after the missionaries' arrival, the register showed 132 baptisms. The Indians also believe in getting married; on one Sunday, five banns were published. Sick calls occur quite frequently too, generally two or three a week. They come at any time from Sunday morning before Mass to Saturday night at 12 o'clock. A few months ago, while snow was still on the ground, the missionary had a sick call five or six miles distant from the Mission. He went as far as he could in his car, and finished the last mile or so of the journey in a sled over hills and valleys all covered with deep snow. Unfortunately, he arrived a few minutes after the poor sick lady had died; he anointed her, nevertheless.

The faith of some of the Indians is edifying; one day, on a snowy, cold wintry day, a young mother drove twenty miles to the Mission with her little papoose all wrapped in blankets, in order to have it baptized. Sister asked her who drove for her, and she replied, "Oh, I can drive." The baby was baptized, and with a smiling "Thank you, Father," she drove away.

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION MISSION

Things are very quiet now, with the children gone. The Sisters are getting a much needed rest, although they miss the happy patter of children's feet and childish voices in play-ground and school. They have plenty to do, however; now is a good chance for them to get the clothing from the charity bundles in shape, and they are never idle. There are always adult charity cases to be taken care of too, and Sister is always happy to have something on hand which will delight some old grandma or old man, or young mother with a new babe. Everything you send can be used, from baby layette clothes to men's and women's clothing. Many new babies are constantly being born, and the poor mothers are sometimes hard put to



find proper clothing for them. Ladies who have baby clothing no longer needed by their own children, will be doing a great work of charity by sending them on to these poverty stricken mothers; when Sister puts a pretty bonnet or little knitted jacket on one of these little papooses, the smile of ecstasy on the mother's face would do the donor's heart good, for Indian mothers are just like white mothers when it comes to dressing their children nicely.

LITTLE FLOWER SCHOOL

We are glad to be able to report that another sewing machine purchased by readers of The Grail has made the pilgrimage out to Little Flower School, and will now put in its time doing missionary work where it is needed so sorely. Every stitch will be a prayer for the benefactors, and Father Ambrose sends his heartfelt thanks to all those who contributed toward the purchase of this much-needed article.

After over a year of drought, Father writes that the country was visited by a good rain, which did much to infuse hope into the hearts of the despairing farmers. While the amount that fell was insufficient to insure a crop, it nevertheless did much to clear the air of dust and give the grain a little encouragement. They are praying hard that God will let them have a sufficient amount of moisture to insure a plentiful harvest, at least of hay and other forage crops, so that the cattle and other farm animals may have enough feed over the winter. The summer lull and the absence of the children will enable Father to get caught up a little with his bills, which have been almost too much for him last winter. At times he feared he must close

the school, and this would indeed be a calamity, for these children would have nowhere else to go. Let us help a little toward these bills, and also for another machine. Send donations for machines to CLARE HAMPTON, 5436 HOLLY HILLS AVE., ST. LOUIS, MO.

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OUR SIOUX INDIAN MISSIONARIES

Rev. Ambrose Mattingley, O. S. B., Rev. Edward Berheide, O. S. B., Rev. Damian Preske, O. S. B., and Rev. Timothy Sexton, O. S. B. Mail to St. Michael, N. D. Express and freight via Fort Totten, N. D.

Rev. Hildebrand Elliott, O. S. B., and Rev. Frank Hulman. Mail to St. Ann's Mission, Belcourt, N. D. Express and freight via Rolla, N. D.

Rev. Pius Boehm, O. S. B., Rev. Justin Snyder, O. S. B., and Rev. Fintan Baltz, O. S. B. Mail to Immaculate Conception Mission, Stephan, S. D. Express and freight via Highmore, S. D.

Rev. Sylvester Eisenman, O. S. B., and Rev. Daniel Madlon, O. S. B. Mail to St. Paul's Mission, Marty, S. D. Express and freight via Ravinia, S. D.

The Home Circle

Conducted by *Clare Hampton*

The Coronation of the Queen

On the fifteenth of this month we celebrate our Queen's coronation in Heaven, a woman so beautiful, so pure, so beloved, that the King, her Son, having taken His virginal flesh from her, could not bear the thought of her corruption in the grave. So on the first night after her burial, He had the angels carry that hallowed temple of the Holy Ghost up to Heaven, where the soul of Mary again joined it, never more to be separated for all Eternity!

For fifteen years she longed and yearned to return to her darling, Him for Whom she had washed, cooked, swept and sewed, Whose white pillow she had daily smoothed, Whose hurts as a Child she had kissed, and Whose crucified body she held, when, stiff and cold, it was taken down from the cross of torture and expiation. The years seemed long and hard to endure, but she was patient; He wished her to stay for a time with the Infant Church, to settle the difficulties, solve the problems and cheer the oftentimes thorny paths of the Apostles. And what He wished was her law; she asked nothing better than just to do His will.

Would that we could be like her! Would that we, always clamoring for this, that and the other thing, rebelling against our misfortune, chafing against the bit, might sweetly and quietly resign ourselves to the will of Him Who knows what is best for us. Surely He Who knows when even one hair falls from our heads, will send nothing but what will ultimately redound to our good.

Let Mary, most obedient of all His creatures, be our model, so that when the end comes, we, too, might see Him coming for us as our souls leave their frames of clay!

Candles

The first candles were mere strings of flax saturated and covered over with pitch or wax, or strips of papyrus steeped in pitch and fat, and covered with wax. Candles were first introduced, it seems, during the first Christian era, when some manner of lighting the catacombs was needed, and the first crude tapers were invented and used to light the altars. From then on they were used more and more, until we read how in the fourth century, the Emperor Constantine ordered the entire city of Constantinople illuminated on Christmas Eve with candles. The name candle itself comes from the Latin "candeo," meaning to burn.

By the Middle Ages, wax candles and wax torches were widely used both for church and home. The wicks were made of twisted tow and the candles cast in molds, although before the mold was invented, dipping was resorted to, a long and slow process; the candle was dipped, allowed to cool, and redipped again, the operation repeated until the taper was of the required thickness. For church use, candles of pure beeswax

were made, this wax being an emblem of purity and symbolic of the flesh of Christ. But as this wax was expensive and hard to obtain, only the wealthiest people could afford to burn them in their homes, and sometimes beeswax was even used as a medium of exchange. By the fifteenth century, however, a somewhat cheaper material was used, and this introduced the tallow candle, although even these were quite expensive at first.

The wind blowing through the chinks of the walls of chapels, or through the cloth of tents wasted the candles, so a protective box was made of ox or cow-horn, resulting in lanterns. Time was often measured by the burning of candles before clocks were invented.

Pictures In Our Homes

Although pictures are not used so profusely on the walls of homes as formerly, a few tasteful ones are always in order. Most of us have a certain set of pictures, which hang in our rooms year in, year out. A housewife often tires of looking at the same thing for long periods of time, and for this reason, she often shifts around the furniture in different positions in order to change the appearance of a room; in reality she does it because a change in surroundings is restful for the nerves, and whether she senses the psychological reason or not, she feels intuitively that a new arrangement of an old room gives her pleasure.

In the same way we grow tired of seeing the same pictures on our walls, but we rarely admit that to ourselves; we grow so used to these pictures that they mean no more to us than a spot on the wall, and we no longer look at them or derive pleasure out of them. Since today pictures of all kinds are so inexpensive, it would seem to be a good idea to have two or three sets of them, which we can change around at will, every time one set grows tiresome. Pretty landscapes and good prints are obtainable at department and other stores at very low prices, and if one picks up a striking picture every now and then, the cost will not be noticed, and the refreshing effect of changing to a whole new set of pictures at the turn of the seasons is wonderfully restful.

Of course, in the bed room we most probably have some cherished holy pictures from which we do not wish to part, but even these may be changed; different views of the same saint, of the Sacred Heart, the Blessed Mother, etc. may be obtained, and changed about, the discarded set being carefully washed and stored away in attic or closet and covered against dust, for use the following summer or winter. For summer, pretty landscapes and water scenes blend in with the cretonnes and chintzes for living and dining rooms, and for winter, portraits and winter scenes are in order. Just as a change of scene and climate is good for the nerves, so is a change in the house good for the woman who must constantly be in it.

A Word on Hair

Modern science points out how health and beauty are affected by tiny substance called vitamins. These mix with the blood stream and are carried to the brain and other bodily organs. The action of the glands of the body influences the condition of both skin and hair. The charm of the hair and complexion rests with the proper functioning of the body, with what one eats, with the emotions, and the amount of time one gives to sleep. Fatigue disturbs the healthy functioning of the internal secretions, and those who wish to retain their youth and freshness long, must have plenty of rest. Complexion and hair are affected by improper elimination; when there is intestinal sluggishness, the content of the blood-stream is changed, and the hair and skin are no longer properly nourished.

To whip the intestines with cathartics and drugs often irritates them to rebellion; instead of that, good habits should be formed, time taken for the normal functions, and the food eaten slowly and serenely. A great French specialist stresses the fact that healthy functioning of the glands has everything to do with beautiful hair. Falling hair spells a drain on the physical resources, and glandular poverty. He recommends weekly washing of the hair; fearing to ruin their wave, many women put off washing their hair to longer periods. The result is dandruff, a serious menace to hair beauty. For its elimination, he recommends a salve containing sulphur, which should be rubbed into the scalp; another good salve for dandruff is one containing oil of cade, which is a favorite French preparation. Exercise and proper diet also have influence on dandruff. Brushes and combs, too, must be exquisitely clean at all times if dandruff is to be avoided. Everyone in the family should have his own exclusive brush and comb, and carry a comb along to school or work, as the public ones in washrooms are dangerous and a menace and should never be touched.

Making a Good Pot Roast

Even in August, though it's "too hot to cook", one must have a good hot meal now and then, and nothing is so satisfying as a soul-filling pot-roast. For beautiful slabs of thin sliced beef, nothing can equal a thick chunk of round, while for delicate flavor, rump roast is the best choice. But inexpensive cuts, such as chuck, if cooked carefully, will prove just as satisfying. The trick is, to have a good brown gravy with it, and this is obtained by first browning the meat on all sides in fat; suet that has been tried out before adding the meat, gives a more delicate flavor than pork fat, and an added flavor may be obtained by slicing an onion, placing beneath the meat after all sides have been browned, and simmering in the fat under a tiny flame until slightly browned.

Sometimes a piece of meat does not seem to brown well; it may have a higher water content. A slow flame will draw out all of this water; and the meat will begin to boil in its own juice instead of browning. In order to aver this, heat the fat well before putting in meat, and keep the flame quite high until all sides have

been browned; then, for the onion, lower it, and when onion is done, add a cup of water, and simmer slowly. If allowed to boil hard, the meat will fall apart and become stringy. Turn every now and then and it will be juicy; the last half hour, add potatoes, carrots, string beans, halved onions and tomatoes and a cut up pepper, and you have a meal for a king. The salt and pepper are added with the water. When water boils out, add another cup and simmer again. A little sugar and vinegar will add flavor.

Recipes

HOT WEATHER BRIDGE SNACKS

Whatever the weather, the bridge game is always in order, especially if one has a cool veranda on which to arrange the tables. Cool drinks and salads and attractive sandwiches are always acceptable, and so we give here a delectable set of ideas which will appeal to hungry bridge-players: For the salad, cut large tomatoes into three thick slices; hollow out slightly, dust with salt, and fill each slice with crab-meat, salmon or tuna, mixed with mayonnaise. Place slices one on the other and top with a spoonful of mayonnaise and a stuffed olive. Serve plates of four sandwiches each, one covered with potted meat mixed with mayonnaise; one with minced hard-boiled egg sprinkled with salt, chopped green pepper and sweet pickle; one with cream cheese garnished with sliced stuffed olives, and the fourth with peanut butter, topped with a blub of currant jelly. Sweet muffins split open and filled with whipped cream, and white soda in which has been mixed some grape flavorade powder, complete the lunch.

FROZEN PUDDING: 1 cup cut up strawberries, 1 cup cut up canned cherries, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, pinch of salt, 1 tall can evaporated milk or 2 cups cream, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped pecans. Mix the fruit, sugar, lemon juice and salt together and let stand in refrigerator for 20 minutes. Then add other ingredients and freeze.

Household Hints

A home-made recipe box can easily be made by choosing a small cardboard box, about six inches long, four wide and three high, or about that. Most everyone has boxes of various sizes which come into the house containing things which have been purchased. Cards can then be cut to fit this box exactly, to stand upright, leaving a tab for each letter of the alphabet. Any kind of cardboard may be used, and white paper pasted over it. Then recipe clippings can be slipped in behind the cards, which have been lettered on the tabs. The outside of the box and lid may be covered with flowered cretonne or gingham to suit the taste, attaching the back of the lid to the box with the material. This makes a nice gift for someone who likes to cook.

If there is no shady spot in the back yard, hang colored clothes inside out just long enough to dry the excess moisture. Then take off and roll tightly, ready for ironing. Thus they will not be faded.

Notes of Interest

Benedictine

—Near the mission of Ntanda, Tanganyika Territory, Africa, the Benedictines have a leper colony with hospital for the unfortunate victims. This colony numbers 220 patients, of whom only sixty-five have uninfected fingers and toes. The loathsome disease usually attacks these extremities first. Last year six patients were dismissed clinically healed, seventy showed marked improvement, ninety improved, thirty-six showed no change, five died. The physician in charge is Sister M. Thecla, O. S. B., M. D., who took her medical degree in German and English universities. This work of mercy, which now depends entirely on private charity, is greatly hampered by lack of necessary funds.

—Father Ignatius Groll, O. S. B., of St. Vincent's Archabbey, died March 30th at St. Mary's Priory, St. Mary's Pa. Father Ignatius, who was born at St. Mary's, Dec. 27, 1884, was professed at St. Vincent's July 2, 1904. His ordination occurred June 25, 1910. The deceased, who was a skilled musician, had studied music abroad under European masters.

—Thirty years ago the Trappists were driven out of Algeria by the French anticlerical laws. They will again occupy the monastery of Our Lady of the Atlas, which is at the edge of the Sahara desert.

—An unusual visitor to our shores recently was the Rt. Rev. Lady Abbess Benedicta von und zu Peckelsheim, O. S. B., superior of St. Walburga's Abbey at Eichstaett in Bavaria. The distinguished visitor came to see sisters of her community who have charge of the domestic departments both at St. Vincent's Archabbey in Pennsylvania and Holy Cross Abbey in Colorado. The first Benedictine Sisters to come to settle in this country were also from St. Walburga's Abbey. Despite the fact that there are abbeys of Benedictine Nuns with abbesses all over Europe, also in South America, we have none in the United States, which has some 5,000 Benedictine Sisters, of whom practically all were, until recent years, under episcopal jurisdiction. In 1922, however, ten mother houses united to form the Congregation of St. Scholastica. Possibly some day these communities may also become abbeys.

—The *Benedictine Monachist* is the name of a bi-monthly that now comes from St. Martin's Abbey, Lacey, Wash. Volume 1, Number 1, which is a small folio in size, began publication with the March-April issue. The price is fifty cents the year.

—Father Gabriel Roerig, O. S. B., who has spent all the years of his priesthood among the colored folk in the Bahamas, passed the fortieth anniversary of his ordination on April 25. He is now on Andros Island, one of the Bahama group.

—Father Denis Farnell, O. S. B., of St. John's Abbey, who is among the natives on the Island of San

Salvador in the Bahamas, baptized 190 converts after one year's work. To the regret of the missionary and his neophytes they have no chapel in which to worship God.

—At the request of the Governor of the Bahama Islands Bishop Kevenhoerster, O. S. B., has designated Father Bonaventure Hansen, O. S. B., to serve on the Board of Education. This is the first time that such a request has come from the colonial government.

—On May 16 a large number of Chippewa Indians gathered at Red Lake, Minn., to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the labors of the Benedictines of St. John's Abbey among them. They likewise celebrated the golden jubilee of the ordination of Father Thomas Borgerding, O. S. B., who has been superior of St. Mary's Mission for thirty-five years. Abbot Alcuin of St. John's delivered the festive sermon on the memorable occasion.

—The Benedictine Nuns, known as the "Irish Dames of Ypres," who fled from Belgium at the beginning of the World War, are now permanently located at Kylemore, Connemara, Ireland, where they sing the divine praises each day in choir. Their former abbey at Ypres shared the fate of the unfortunate city. After their flight from Belgium, they settled for a while in Co. Wexford, then in 1920 they purchased the beautiful Kylemore estate. Although a heavy burden of debt oppresses them, yet they are hopeful for the future. The Belgian foundation dated back to the days of persecution in England and Ireland.

—Father Bernard Neary, O. S. B., pastor since 1928 at Port Angeles, state of Washington, has in the past six years brought 120 converts into the Church.

—Father Bede Cubillo, O. S. B., of Montserrat Abbey in Spain, who spent the past two years at St. Vincent's Archabbey in the study of English and chemistry, has now proceeded on his way to St. Bede's Abbey, Manila, in the Philippine Islands, where he will be on the faculty of St. Bede's College in that city. A number of the professors of San Beda's have studied English and other branches both at St. Vincent's and at St. John's. San Beda College has an enrollment of 750 students.

—The Dr. J. L. Waldner hospital at Parkston, S. D., which has been idle for several years, has been acquired by the Benedictine Sisters of Yankton in the same state and will be opened to the public again during the coming summer. These same Sisters conduct Sacred Heart Hospital at Yankton, which was the former capital of Dakota Territory, and St. Mary's Hospital at Pierre, the capital of South Dakota. Three other hospitals, likewise in the diocese of Sioux Falls, are under the care of the Presentation Nuns, whom Bishop Marty, O. S. B., brought from Ireland. The Benedictine Sisters at Yankton he had previously brought from Switzerland. The mother house of the latter, together with its academy and high school, is delightfully situated at Yankton on the banks of the Missouri River—the Big Muddy.

Echoes



from

Our Abbey and Seminary

—A heat wave of two weeks' duration made it rather warm for us from June 22 to July 6, when relief came in the form of a cooling rain and lower temperature. Copious rains in June and July have made southwestern Indiana a garden spot while surrounding states have suffered from drouth. The gardens are a delight to the eye; the corn has grown almost as if by magic; the yield of wheat, which was threshed at the end of June, was very good; grapes and pears promise to be plentiful, but other fruit will be very scarce.

—The Benedictine Educational Convention, which held its sessions at St. Meinrad on June 23, 24, and 25, dealt with some of the various problems that confront Benedictine educators in high school and college. Demonstration of the teaching of Latin by a method developed by Father Clarus Graves of St. John's Abbey, made a very favorable impression. This method, which is also being applied to Greek, and the modern languages, appear thorough and effective. For some years past it has been used at St. John's with marked success. The afternoon session of the last day of the convention took place at Camp Benedict. While the days of the convention were busy and full, the delegates seemed to enjoy their visit to Indiana, and that despite the great heat then prevailing.

—Following the Benedictine Educational Convention was the National Catholic Educational Convention at Chicago. Delegates from St. Meinrad to this latter convention were Fathers Anselm Schaaf, rector of the Major Seminary, and Stephen Thuis, rector of the Minor Seminary. To each had been assigned a paper to read.

—On July 3rd Father Early, one of the assistant priests at St. Philip Neri Church, Indianapolis, came with forty-four of his choir boys to spend a few days with us. Tanned and sunburned, the lads returned to the city after their brief, but enjoyable, trip to southern Indiana. — Just to remind themselves and us that it was the glorious Fourth of July, these representatives of young America rent the air with miniature explosives in the form of firecrackers. There is, after all, something attractive about shooting—not only within the confines of Indiana, but also beyond the boundaries of the state.

—The Rt. Rev. Mgr. Albert Petrasch, Prothonotary Apostolic, ordained from our Seminary in the fall of '89, spent a week with us at the end of June. The Monsignor was for many years a zealous and successful pastor in the diocese of Lincoln, and for some years also he served as Vicar General. Although past three score and ten, and still vigorous and active, he has resigned his pastoral duties, leaving the burden to younger shoulders.

—The Junior Brothers of our Oblate school left on July 12 for a vacation of three weeks. After their return to the Abbey, they will spend also a week at Camp Benedict on the Little Blue River. A number of applications are on file for the class that will open in September.

—Father Victor Dux is taking a course in chant at the Pius X school in New York. Father Urban Knapp, for some years assistant priest at Jasper, is attending class at the university in Chicago in preparation for teaching at Marmion in Aurora, Ill., the coming year. Father Cornelius Waldo has succeeded him at Jasper.

—Bro. Martin, for many years faithful housebrother in the College, submitted to the surgeon's knife at St. Joseph's Infirmary, Louisville, on July 9. Varicose veins had formed huge knots between knee and ankle.

—After an absence of more than thirty years of activity beyond the walls of the monastic enclosure, Father Bede Maler, senior priest of our community, has returned to our midst. For a number of years he was chaplain in the deaf-mute institute at Chinchuba, La. Later he taught and served as librarian at St. Joseph's Abbey. The remainder of his absence was spent as chaplain at St. Mary's Hospital at Evansville. Ordained on Oct. 21, 1871, the venerable octogenarian has been a priest nearly sixty-three years.

—At the end of June a group of our clerics enjoyed a week of *dolce far niente* or rest and quiet at Camp Benedict. Later on in the summer the remainder of the clerics will also take a short vacation at the same delightful and peaceful spot.

—Father Albert Kleber gave a course in religion during the summer normal to the Benedictine Sisters at Ferdinand. On July 23 he left for Belcourt, N. D., to preach a novena in preparation for the feast of

(Turn to page 125)

St. Anthony Scholarship



*St. Anthony is one of our popular Saints
We ask his help when we have lost something
The greatest loss we could suffer would be that
of our immortal soul
To help save souls God has made men his
helpers—the Catholic priests
These in turn need your help to reach the goal
of the holy priesthood during the long years
of preparation for this sublime state
May we count on your help?*

Incomplete Scholarships

MOTHER OF GOD SCHOLARSHIP. Previously acknowledged: \$3866.22. Total: \$3866.22.

ST. JOSEPH SCHOLARSHIP. Previously acknowledged: \$3520.90. Total: \$3520.90.

ST. BENEDICT SCHOLARSHIP. Previously acknowledged: \$3412.96. K. A. R., Ala., \$2. Total: \$3414.96.

ST. ANTHONY SCHOLARSHIP. Previously acknowledged: \$3117.79. Total: \$3117.79.

Grail Building Fund

Maryland: Mrs. G. N., \$1; Michigan: Mr. & Mrs. S. G., \$4; Minnesota: N. N., \$1; New York: E. O'D., \$1.

Address all communications to

THE ABBEY PRESS,

St. Meinrad, Indiana.

Liturgical Jottings

VICTOR DUX, O. S. B.

STARVELINGS

Significant beyond the usual significance of heroic lives are the lives of men and women enlisted under Christ's standard in the numerous religious orders and congregations. The good accomplished by them, both for their own souls and for others, has been a source of admiration and perhaps also a matter of envy on the part of the average Catholic. There is no denying it—the Catholic world is forced to admit that the greatest amount of work in the spiritual as well as in the material realm of life is done by those who labor in unison and with a common purpose.

The average Catholic (for whom these notes are intended) does well to realize that the very first purpose of the sacred liturgy is to instill this idea of community of purpose in worship. The glory and honor we owe to God as our Creator is more fittingly rendered by a group than by an individual. Therefore those who deliberately substitute a private devotion for a common spiritual or religious exercise render their prayer less effective. The Master promised to sanctify and to make fruitful the prayers of His Church by being present and praying *with her*. Now, why should Catholics, who have all rights to this presence and assistance of Christ, deny themselves the enjoyment of His company, deprive their prayers of His efficacious relief, and thus render them inadequately sterile? This they do by failing to *pray with Christ*. And there are countless spiritual starvelings nowadays who are wasting away because a "heaven of brass" is closed against their petitions. It can not be put too strongly—the soul seeking God's ear must unite itself as often and as closely as possible with the manifestations of the priestly life. In the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and in the administration of the Sacraments is the priestly life of the Church, of Christ, to be found by the people of God. Let the people profit by the Divine Life thus made applicable to them. This is living the liturgy.

The Priest of Brent

(Continued from page 111)

renderingly. "She was to become a mother."

Clive grasped his chair for support. He felt that he would surely faint, so great was the shock of this new and undreamed revelation.

Paul then told how Yolanda had become hysterical, and how, after vainly trying to reason with her, he had taken his cigars and gone to the park, feeling sure that when he would return she would have become her own sweet self again.

When he related the finding of his wife's corpse Paul collapsed. A stimulant revived him, however, and he finished his testimony.

He was questioned and cross-questioned, but could not be shaken. Clive felt sure that he would be acquitted, for every word rang with truth. Even Mary Murphy, the star witness for the state, admitted the possibility that the defendant's story could be true, but she had neither seen nor heard him leave the house that night. She had only heard the quarrel, had heard Mrs. Stevens scream at him to let her alone, and then, on her return to the house late that night had witnessed that gruesome tableau of Death.

Paul was convicted. The fact of the safe having been robbed was given but little account. There was only Paul's word as to the amount of money he had placed there, which was considerably more than was found. There was no clue that anyone had tampered with it.

Paul was sentenced to twenty years imprisonment at hard labor. His lawyer, Stanford Adams, had fought with the zeal of one who believed in the thing he was fighting for, and his efforts were successful in so far as the gallows were concerned. But he was far from satisfied. He had tried to make the court see as plainly as he himself could see that an innocent man was being persecuted.

When asked if he had anything to say before sentence was pronounced, Paul said that he had. There was a quivering stillness as he rose to his feet.

"First," he said quietly, "I wish to thank Mr. Adams, for he has proved a friend as well as a lawyer. Second," he continued after a slight pause, and in his steady voice there was a timbre of steel, "I wish to announce to any-

one who might be interested that if I outlive my term of penal servitude I shall hunt down the fiend who murdered my wife, and when I find him I'll tear him to pieces, so help me, God!"

Paul had spoken quietly, but with a force that shook convictions. His eyes had glowed darkly, as if all the fire of hell had suddenly leapt into being in their depths, proclaiming a rage that would bide its time to strike, but strike it would, sooner or later.

"But twenty years," Clive mused, "twenty years of security, then Paul would—but twenty years, anyway."

(To be continued)

Saint Johanna Antida Thouret

(Continued from page 106)

fidence in God, Sister Johanna continued on her way and arrived at the shrine of Einsiedeln, where she stopped four days, fervently praying to the Virgin Mother, invoked here under the title of "Our Lady of the Hermits." Sister Johanna wished to fix her abode here in the shadow of Einsiedeln, but the confessor whom she consulted said to her: "My daughter, return into France to practise there works of charity. God wishes it so." She continued, therefore, on her way, and having crossed the French boundary, came to the small village of Landeron. There she met two priests, exiled like herself, who encouraged her to return into her own country. "God calls you back to France to accomplish a great apostolate," they told her.

Reassured of the will of God and encouraged by the words of His ministers, she prepared to continue her journey to Besancon, making herself the humble instrument of Providence. There she opened a free school for poor children and a house to aid the sick. This was in April 1799; the hour willed by God for the realization of His designs was at hand. Soon other young girls, desirous of giving themselves to God by serving their neighbors, came to place themselves under the direction of Sister Johanna and followed her example. Thus just after the French revolution, which had dried up the source of charity by suppressing the religious orders, Sister Johanna gave to France and to the Church a community of virgins,

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Children's Corner

Conducted by Agnes Brown Hering

BIBLE VERSES

The just shall hate a lying word, but the wicked confoundeth and shall be confounded.

A faithful friend is a strong defense; and he that hath found him hath found a treasure.

He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is charity.

Whoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.

Labor not for the meat that perisheth, but for that which endureth to life everlasting.

He that loveth danger shall perish in it.

Ask, and it shall be given you: seek and you shall find, knock and it shall be opened to you.

Boast not for to-morrow, for thou knowest not what the day to come may bring forth.

Lay open thy works to the Lord, and thy thoughts shall be directed.

The Father Himself loveth you, because you have loved Me, and have believed that I came out from God.

THE PATER NOSTER

"Why do you pause, my little maid,
Ere half your prayer is said?
Commence again and say, 'Give us
This day our daily bread.'"

"'Give us—' Well, well, the rest.
Why do you stop, my dear,
And whisper softly to yourself
Some words I cannot hear?"

"I asked of God, my Mamma dear,
To give to me and you,
Because just bread is very dry,
A little butter too."—Selected.

A GOOD LOSER

Learn to lose with out losing heart. Every student, whether in the grades or in high school, should cultivate a sportsmanlike spirit in the games which he or she takes part. Few lessons are of more importance than that of how to be a good loser. The student who loses a game and immediately takes the attitude that the opponent didn't play fair, is showing a very undesirable characteristic. It is just as bad to whine and pout when one loses and to wonder why luck is against one. Learn to be a good loser, that is the best sportsmanship.

LOVE THE ANGELS

Love the nine choirs of angels.

Love the SERAPHIM; they are the princes of pure love.

Love the CHERUBIM; they are the chief teachers of the science of the saints.

Love the THRONES; they are the patrons of tranquillity of heart and peace of soul.

Love the DOMINATIONS; through them you will triumph over self and attain to union with God.

Love the VIRTUES; they are the teachers on the path of sanctity.

Love the POWERS; they defend you against the malice of the evil spirits.

Love the PRINCIPALITIES; they have the care of the welfare of the country.

Love the ARCHANGELS and ANGELS; they are near us and tenderly devoted to us. —Selected.

HAVE YOU READ

That, although there are only six priests in Iceland, it is a diocese with a Bishop?

That the red hat of the Cardinal signifies his readiness to shed his blood in the defense of the Faith?

That in Minori, Italy, each Thursday evening, lights are placed in the windows of the houses in honor of the Blessed Sacrament?

That there is a cemetery in Liverpool where all those buried were deaf and dumb in their lifetime?

Undiscovered church history from an examination paper in a Los Angeles high school: "The Protestant Reformation was when the Protestants broke away from the Catholic Church and began to forgive their own sins."

"I would if I could," though it's much in use,
Is but a mistaken and sluggish excuse;
And many a person who could if he would,
Is often heard saying, "I would if I could."

But if we may credit what good people say,
That where a strong will is, there's always a way,
And whatever ought to be, can be and should,
We never need utter, "I would if I could."

Do you know, children, that if an unbaptized infant is in danger of dying before a priest can be procured, that any other person, either man, woman, or child may baptize by pouring common water on the head of the infant and at the same time saying: "I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost"?

A WORD TO THE WISE

Young people frequently say, "I am very capable of taking care of myself. I do not need any one to boss me around. I can go where I please, read what I choose, select my own friends. My own judgment is a sufficient guide for me."

No doubt any young person who makes statements such as these is quite honest because he has unlimited confidence in his own untried strength. He is scarcely prudent, however, in rejecting the advice of his elders and rushing into dangers against which he is advised, for his lack of experience in the untried ways of the world may lead him into many pitfalls which older and wiser minds might have pointed out to him had he been less headstrong and more humble. It pays to receive advice in a kindly spirit and to consider well before taking a serious step. When one plunges in too deeply, it is not so easy to retrace.

THE NECESSARY NOISES

There wouldn't be a bit of fun
In living in a place
Where little children didn't run
And sometimes madly race.
And could I sit me down to read
In some great solemn hall
From every interruption free
It wouldn't do at all.

On Sunday morns I'd like to sleep
An extra hour or two,
But Janet to my bed must creep,
And what am I to do?
If never child came in to tease
And romp at break of day
I'd tire of doing as I please
And have to move away.

One time I went a-visiting
Where all was wondrous fine,
I'd but a tiny bell to ring
And every whim was mine.
Tall liveried servants stood about
To answer every call,
But I never heard a youngster shout
Or race along the hall.

Five grown-ups at the table sat
Like images of stone,
And there was neither dog nor cat
To beg for crumb or bone.
And oh, I yearned for eyes aglow.
And faces at the panes,
And pleased was I back home to go
Where glad confusion reigns.
—Edgar A. Guest.

O Sacrament most holy, O Sacrament Divine,
All praise and all thanksgiving be every moment thine.

MEMORIES

MARY E. SULLIVAN

Lo, fond dreams of the past
Flood o'er me like the wind,
Crowd out the day's new tasks
With memories that bind.

The fond mates of my youth
Live with me once again,
Play on my heartstrings loud,
Tho far beyond my ken.

Here they come in parade
Drifting down from the past
Childhood years, youthful years,
My friends, my kin, so vast.

How they flit through my mind,
Dancing, playing as of yore,
Radiant, cheerful, brave,
My playmates evermore.

Now they dash, now retreat,
Now they run, now they skip;
Mirthfully, lithe and strong,
They brace to "crack the whip."

Off they scamper, now run
Down the hillside steep,
Shouting and laughing loud;
Oh joyful "hide and seek!"

Through the years, the swift years,
Childhood plays aside are cast,
Plans and problems loom
To set their souls aghast.

Some there are still at work,
Grinding hard at the mill,
Toiling on, steady, firm,
With patient, glad goodwill.

Some there are in deep sleep;
Folded close, Earth's yielding breast
Shelt'ring them, holds them safe
From care, from grief,—at rest.



A Sister's Silver Jubilee

HILARY DEJEAN, O. S. B.

What shall I return to Thee, my Lord,
For all that Thou hast granted me?

From childhood days of doubt,
Emerging into growth mature,
I came to Thee.
Scarce knowing why,
Urged only by the pressure of Thy love.
What though my earthly self was drawn
To earth's attractiveness;
One only spouse—
And Him divine—
My heart would have eternally.
Thy grace it was
That I should give to Thee my freshest self,
Untarnished yet and blossoming,
Gemmed with the dew of youth and innocence.
With solemn troth and ring
I sealed myself to Thee eternally.

And now today,
Espoused for five and twenty years—
Thou and I, my Lord—
As Thou dost give Thy kiss of benediction,
So I with all the sureness of maturity
Surrender all myself to Thee anew.

Well have I learned
That I am joined to Jesus crucified
Whiles I do make my earthly pilgrimage.
None other wouldst Thou have for spouse

Than her signed with the cross.
And I'm content
That in these years, like unexpected lashings,
Each day has brought its fill of cruel surprises:
Each coming blow was unawaited—
From whom or how or when
I ne'er expected.
The works I planned
Have often gone awry with new complexities,
Have failed utterly,
Or, being fruitful—others have gained the human
credit.

For all of which I render loving thanks, my Lord.
Not only that Thy soothing touch
Or look divine
Or smile and word of love
Hath ever given balm to wounded spirit;
But for this I thank Thee most of all,
That by these daily visitations of Thy cross
I know
With all the certainty of Thy promise
That I am fixed upon Thy way—
Darksome now and full of stumblings—
Yet glowing at its termination
With light supernal;
And that Thou standest at the bridal door with arms
apart
To take me
To thy sweet embrace and everlasting nuptials.

Saint Johanna Antida Thouret

(Continued from page 121)

ready to sacrifice their lives in the exercise of this divine virtue. Such was the origin of the Sisters of Charity.

The new institution, blessed by God and admired by men, extended its branches in a short time, doing good to all who fell within their shadows. The number of sisters increasing, the works also multiplied. The ardent foundress animated her daughters in their apostolate of prayer and active work. With great wisdom and a spirit entirely supernatural she composed the rules and constitutions of the congregation.

The mother of Emperor Napoleon I, much pleased with the work of Mother Thouret, wished to favor its development in Italy, and offered her the foundation of the House of Regina Coeli at Naples. On the third of October, 1810, with eight other sisters, the foundress left for Italy. "I would be ready to cross

the ocean," she said, "and I would go to the end of the world if I knew that God wishes it for His greater glory and for the salvation of souls."

Such a foundation could not be made without difficulties, but all were overcome and Naples could enjoy the precious fruits of the apostolate of the holy Foundress.

God heard the prayer of His faithful spouse. He granted to her the consolation of collecting the fruits of her perilous and holy enterprises in Italy, of seeing the faithful correspondence of her spiritual daughters with her, all of which aided greatly in carrying the burden of their sufferings.

Finally the hour of eternal rest sounded for the faithful combatant, the hour of triumph for the glorious heroine, the hour of meeting her divine Spouse for Whom she had labored. On the evening of August 24, 1826, at Naples, in the monastery of Regina Coeli, she was called from this valley of tears.

The memory of Mother Thouret remained

in veneration at Naples. Soon her tomb was visited by devout persons who prayed to God through her intercession. As the number of favors received increased, the ecclesiastical authority caused an investigation to be made. On July 9, 1922, her virtues were acknowledged as heroic. On this occasion the Holy Father praised the intrepid faith, the ardent charity of the Foundress in a touching allocution. On the feast of Pentecost, 1926, Mother Thouret was beatified, and finally on the 14th of January of this year she was declared a Saint.

On the day of her beatification a miraculous cure was obtained through her intercession. Sister Paula Alfieri, Superioress of the hospital of Malta, suffered from acute rheumatism and a sickness of the heart. Her case was declared critical and incurable by the doctors. After having prayed to the holy Foundress, she was instantly cured on the day of the beatification.

Another sister, Cecilia Pastena, a postulant at Regina Coeli Convent, Naples, had suffered for several years from a chronic infection of the left ear, with perforation of the tympanum. This also was judged incurable by natural means. After having prayed to the holy Mother the postulant was instantly cured during the night of July 20, 1927.

From Our Indian Missions

(Continued from page 115)

ST. PAUL'S MISSION

The Indian boys take most heartily to baseball, and Father of course, encourages them in all athletic games, since these are so beneficial to youth. But the balls, gloves and bats they have are not in the best of condition; the torn ones have been repaired and used again but how they would welcome some new gloves, balls and bats! Perhaps some boys who have an extra ball or glove they do not need, lying around, would like to wrap it up and send it on to these Indian boys? In another month school will begin, and how nice it would be to have a lot of new equipment waiting for them when they return! Come on boys, search around in the basement or wherever you keep your playing equipment, and see if there is not something you could do without; in fact, rubber balls and indoor balls will also be welcome, as also corkballs and bats.

Although the children are gone, Father and the Sisters are busy getting the school equipment and clothing ready against their return. Toward the end of the month he must lay in a new stock of groceries and other supplies, and this will require much money. Let us help! The Lord regards with a peculiar affection all those who help His poor.

Echoes from Our Abbey and Seminary

(Continued from page 119)

St. Ann. From Belcourt he will go to Marty in South Dakota to preach a retreat to the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament, who are in charge of the Indian school at Marty.

—This summer Father Hilary DeJean gave a course in religion to the Ursuline Sisters at Mt. St. Joseph, Kentucky.

—Stopping off at Terre Haute to see his mother, while on his way back to the Abbey from the Catholic University, Father Theodore Heck had to undergo an operation for appendicitis. The patient is reported as doing well. Father Theodore will have one more year of residence at the University.

—Unique was the festivity held in the neighboring parish of Mariah Hill, when Miss Kate Bosler celebrated on June 20 her fiftieth anniversary as housekeeper for the Benedictine priests who have been pastors at Mariah Hill during the past half century. Besides her duties in the house, Miss Bosler is also organist and director of the church choir. Three of her nephews are priests: two in the diocese of Indianapolis, and one in Detroit. The Jubilarian is still youthful and active.

Books Received

Guide to the Franciscan Monastery, Washington, D. C.

The size of this book belies the encyclopedic character of its contents. Even for one who has not the slightest hopes of ever being able to visit the Franciscan shrine at our Nation's Capitol, the guide book will furnish many moments of profitable reading. Written in a pleasing, if necessarily condensed, style, the book gives us a means of learning geography from the standpoint of Catholic activity. The account of the constant and world-wide activity of the Franciscans in the lines of science and art, second only to their activity in the religious field will open the eyes of those who persist in closing their eyes to the accomplishments of "those lazy monks." The book is profusely illustrated and has been designed to meet the exacting demands of the many visitors and of all those who are interested in "The Holy Land of America." Price \$0.30 postpaid.

The Mysteries of the Rosary and Other Poems, by the Reverend John Rauscher, S. M.

The mysteries of the Rosary readily lend themselves to the poet's fancies. It is a pity that the author has only added to the quantity of the works on the subject. The poems are mere summaries of the full stories told more pleasingly in the Bible. Added to the poems on the mysteries are other poems drawn chiefly from the Holy Scriptures. The subjects chosen are indeed sublime but the cumbersome condensation of the material spoils the whole effect. Price \$1.50. Benziger Bros.

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